

Campbell Interurban Press

VOLUME 21, No. 4

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1915

If you are putting up fruit you will need jars.

We have Economy, Double Seal, and the old reliable Mason. Jelly Glasses, Fruit Wax, Parowax, Jar caps, and Jar rubbers.

We also have a Supply of Fruit Pails, Sulphur, Lye, Nails for Mending Trays and Boxes, Wire Brushes, Warehouse Brooms.

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As for the quality of our milk—ask some one who has tried it, or better, try it yourselves at our expense.

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The Bank of Campbell
CAMPBELL, CAL.

? Where can I get

Crepe Paper
Tissue Paper
Waxed Paper
Writing Paper
Box Paper

Paper Cups
Paper Napkins
Paper Towels
Carbon Paper
Toilet Paper

Typewriting Paper

**'Y at Beall's, the Druggist,
OF COURSE**

Kill Russian Thistle

Sacramento, July 19, 1915: The California Blue Bulletin, just out, contains a picture and a description of the Russian Thistle, one of the most dangerous weeds known to the world.

This was introduced into California along the trans-continental railroad lines, probably from the bedding and the clothes of the freshly imported European laborers. It now has a firm hold in many places and it is particularly ominous to the hay and grain growing parts of the state. Warnings have been sent out by Dr. Cook, the Horticultural Commissioner. It is very important for the children of California to be able to recognize the weed and so get their minds turned toward its eradication. The teachers can do a useful work by using and emphasizing the important lesson thus placed in their hands.

A large assortment of colored tissue paper at Smith's.

Sherlock Holmes and I were glancing over our respective mail one morning when I chanced upon the following most singular message written in a delicate feminine hand—"Y-Three at Two thirty. Don't fail."

Completely at sea I handed it to Holmes who gazed at it for a moment with a puzzled frown. Then the ghost of a smile crept to his thin lips which presently expanded into a broad grin.

"Turn it about, Watson," he cried presently, "turn it about and what have you? 3 Y of course, and 3 Y is King's telephone number. Your sweet heart put one over on you that time. She's waiting there for you. Don't stand there staring at me, but go"; with which words the great thief takes burst into the first hearty laugh I had heard him indulge in for weeks.

Local and Personal

"The Quality Shop" that's us, KING'S. Lost: 68 lb., white, crooked tail, bull dog. Reward—Address Mrs. S. Hopken, Campbell.

Miss Lucy Vandergon returned Sunday from Hornbrook, where she has been teaching for some time.

Miss Genevieve Davis, our local "Hello Girl," spent Sunday by the "sad sea waves" at Santa Cruz.

Miss Helen Fisher of Kansas City, Missouri, arrived last week for a visit with her cousin, Miss Mary Miller.

Frank Bangs spent last week at San Francisco seeing the Exposition sights and attending the National Advancement for Deal Convention.

Rev. J. F. Kellogg, a former pastor of the local Methodist church here, was out from College Park, Tuesday, on business and renewing acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Thomas left Tuesday by auto for a month's outing at Lake Tahoe. They will take about three days' going and enjoy the sights enroute.

Mrs. Carver, who has been visiting her nephew, J. F. Duncan and family, went to Oakland, Monday to spend several weeks with her brother, Geo. Field.

The Misses Bartlett and Elliott of Paso Robles are here this week the guests of their friends, the S. L. Hayes family. They went to the Exposition yesterday for a few days.

Miss Edith Harrington of San Rafael was here this week visiting her former schoolmate, Miss Ruth Lloyd, and Miss Margaret White of Oakland is the guest of Miss Lloyd having arrived yesterday.

Mrs. Geo. Schuyler arrived home last week from an extended outing in Yosemite Park. Mr. Schuyler has a government position there and will remain for some time and Mrs. Schuyler may return later.

Rev. J. E. Bradner and wife, of Shattuck avenue M. E. Church, Oakland, were visitors at the parsonage Monday. Their son, Donald, and Don Smith of Alma, Michigan, are here busy as bees in the fruit work.

Miss Ruth Hayes left yesterday for Arcata, where she will enter the new Normal school for a two years course. Miss Hayes will live with her sister, Mrs. Price, who is secretary at the new school.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coupland have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Mary, to Mr. Andrew Larson of Westwood. The ceremony will be solemnized Wednesday evening, August 4, at the W. R. Coupland home.

The Rev. J. C. Davison of Kumamoto, Japan, is here for a short visit with friends. Rev. Wilson came down from San Francisco Tuesday with his father-in-law and spent the day. His visits are always like a ray of sunshine on press day.

Chas. E. Broad, of San Francisco, was here looking after his ranch interests this week. Mr. Broad would like to come here to live but his duties in the tax office where he has been for the past twenty-five years, keep him right on the job.

A number of Campbellites attended the "Peace" lecture by Mrs. Philip Snowden of England. In the course of the lecture she stated that United States cannot sit in judgment if its hands are dipped in blood, therefore it behooves us all to talk and act "peace."

The rights of way for the extension of First Street south to Sunnyside avenue have been secured. The grading on the street has been done and the graveling is promised soon. This new street opening is of great convenience to both Campbell and Sunnyside residents.

F. E. Duncan and family went to upper Sequoia creek this week for a two week's camping trip. The men went ahead to prepare the camp and Mrs. Duncan with the children left today by rail to Wrights where they will be met by Mr. Duncan and taken to the camp.

Mr. E. Leigh Newcomb and wife and two children are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Newcomb of Campbell. Leigh is a graduate of the College of Pharmacy of Philadelphia and now professor of Pharmacognosy and Botany at the University of Minnesota, at Minneapolis, where in connection with his work he has established a medicinal plant garden—where medicinal plants may be studied by his classes in all stages of their growth. The mature plants are gathered by the class, weighed—dried, weighed again and subjected to the most careful examinations under the microscope and by chemical tests, at the same time they are compared to the commercial drugs obtained from stores, thus furnishing a basis for exact knowledge, not obtained in any other way. It is found that this work among the growing plants adds very greatly to the interest of the classes in their work besides furnishing knowledge that can be gained in no other way.

Surprise Shower

The Misses Marion and Alice Duncan and Eva Eldred entertained a party of young lady friends Thursday afternoon at their home on Los Gatos road.

The occasion was a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Mary J. Coupland who is to be married soon. By a plan of Miss Eldred, Miss Coupland was given a complete surprise.

The afternoon was spent in games after which light refreshments were served.

AMERICA'S EXPOSITIONS

Two, on the Pacific Coast, were Made by Man; the Others Nature Made for Our Enjoyment Unto All Time

Two expositions, like great magnets, are drawing westward the eyes and the desires of the people of America. The Panama-Pacific, at San Francisco, is the acknowledged masterpiece of international fairs. The Panama-California, at San Diego, is a gem of sub-tropical beauty and substantial worth. Each, of its own kind, is altogether admirable. They conflict in no wise; each supplements the other.

But these are by no means all the expositions in the West this summer. Nature in her noblest manifestations beckons the traveler to spectacles of grandeur and loveliness unexcelled. Glacier National Park invites America to an Alpine wilderness which some day will draw Europe's thousands across sea and continent. Mount Rainier, icy octopus of the West, extends her glacial fingers down among gorgeous gardens of wild flowers to offer welcome to her visitors. Crater Lake sucks the blue from the skies to mix anew in her depths and give forth again in hues that do not seem real. Yellowstone exhibits fields of spouting geysers with which those of Iceland and New Zealand together offer no comparison. Yosemite presents her incomparable valley. Sequoia exhibits 12,000 giant trees, some of which have lived through all written history. The Grand Canyon hides her river 7,000 feet deep in a gulf of color so gorgeous and yet so indefinable that no painter can reproduce it. And Colorado invites all to her two National Parks, Rocky Mountain, our newest, whose gateway is beautiful Estes Park, and Mesa Verde, with its cliff dwellings of prehistoric times.

Friends Entertained

Mrs. W. H. Higbie was hostess to the Johnson Ave. Club and a few outside friends on Monday afternoon. The company spent the time on the spacious porch with fancy work.

After listening to a number of splendid selections on the graphophone, Mrs. Higbie gave a delightful account of some of her travels and read a number of interesting notes and verses relating to them.

Miss Janey Johnson of San Jose and Mrs. H. P. Curtis of Hamilton avenue then favored the guests with several musical numbers, Mrs. Curtis' vocal and Miss Johnson's piano.

Light refreshments were served and completed a delightful afternoon.

Congregational Church

"The Friendly Church just around the Corner."

The theme for Sunday morning will be "A Trip to Watch the Three Sons of Noah." Of all the journeys described in the Bible nine of them are worthy to be called "Migrations," because of their vast and far reaching influences on all the future life of the world. This journey is one of these great historical Migrations.

Talk to the Boys and Girls on "The Lazy Man's Lion."

C. E. and Sunday-school as usual. Classes in Sunday-school for all ages and tastes. Come with us. Union meeting at our Church at 7:30. A Stereopticon evening on "Among the Zulus of S. Africa." A set of 65 beautifully colored slides just released for use on the Pacific Coast.

Come and bring a friend with you.

GEO. E. ATKINSON, Pastor.

Miss Alice Joy came down from the city Monday for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Evans of Richmond spent the weekend here with Mrs. Evans' sister, Mrs. L. M. Beall.

In spite of fruit work, weekend vacation to the Coast or Exposition, hot weather, every member of the Officers and teaching force in the Congregational Sunday-school was present and at work last Sunday, a fine record, and a fine attendance too.

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WHEN YOU WANT GOOD CALIFORNIA CHEESE BUY IT AT

Blaine's
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

"Wedgewood Stoves and Ranges"

Are perfect bakers

We are always pleased to show our Stock
Come and see for yourself

C. H. WHITMAN

Campbell

Phone 113

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Hyde Investment Company, Sec
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California White Pine
Picking Boxes

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Get our prices and inspect stock before placing orders elsewhere.

All Materials Direct from Manufacturer

We claim to be able to compete on all business in our line and solicit your patronage.

Campbell Lumber Co.
Phone 131
W. T. MORTON

To Parents Of School Children

In a few weeks your child will be entering upon a new school year. You are trying to give the child the best advantages possible to prepare it for a future which is not filled with drudgery. Do you realize that defective eyes is one of the greatest handicaps to an education? Are you sure your child has normal vision? If it has good vision are you sure its eyes are free from strain? Remember, good vision does not necessarily mean good eyes. Eyestrain is nerve drain. It saps the vitality, prevents proper application to study, retards the memory, etc. The possible effects are so many that it is impossible to name them all. Be sure this burden is lifted from your child's future. Bring it to me now during vacation time and let me examine its eyes. If glasses are not needed I will gladly tell you so and there will be no charge. If they are needed you may be sure that the child will get the best attention possible if you entrust it to my care. At Dr. Merrill's Office Monday, August 2.

W. E. Wyett, Ophthalmologist.
40-41 Ryer and Block San Jose
Phone 1899



Trade at the

Campbell Market

Campbell California

OUR MEATS ARE GOOD

A. S. Gilson, Prop.

Christian Science Services

In Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Subject for August 1st, is "Love." Sunday-School at 9:45. The public is cordially invited.

BREAD

Save Money by Buying Tickets
6 Loaves 25c

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Campbell Bakery

We are agents for "Non-Smut" transfer papers, for transferring patterns upon linen, silks and satins for embroidery, on glass and china for painting, and on wood and leather for pyrography work. Will not smudge.

ALL LIFE IS CHANGE

NATURE'S LAW AGAINST WHICH
SO MANY REBEL.Women Especially Refuse to Be Re-
conciled to the Inevitable—Rose
May Well Teach a Lesson
to Mankind.

Beauty is something to be striven for in every relation of life. Beautiful homes, beautiful cities, beautiful people are to be desired, but human beings are living creatures and men and women should remember that the law of all living things is change. The rose, blooming in loveliness, drops, without protest, its petals when its radiant hour is past, when its mission of beauty is accomplished.

But that does not mean that the rose tree dies. It only obeys nature's law without rebellion. Women are like roses; they bloom in beauty in their youth and then, when their little day of physical charm is past they refuse to be reconciled to a temporary autumn of life and shrink from the passing winter of death.

An Indian poet has said: "The flower blooms for the fruit; when the fruit comes the flower withers." Even so women exchange their physical beauty for the work of their lives, and who shall say that the life-work of a woman is not more fair than the physical price she paid to achieve it? Spring only promises; autumn's hands are filled with fruits.

Women are only given youth, beauty, strength—mental and physical—that their lives may bear fruit, and who would stand in maturity a woman in experience and a girl in appearance? There is nothing more pathetic than the man or woman of mature years whose life has been so devoid of experience that the entertainments of youth still appeal to them as the highest ideals of pleasure.

You do not want a man grown to look like a boy? Riding within a street car the other day the writer had time to observe a young father standing upon the platform whose little child has recently passed through a critical illness. His youthful face, unconscious of the scrutiny, was beginning to wear a man's expression—a father's expression. No one would have called him a boy. With man's responsibilities his features were attaining manhood's dignity.

And, somehow, upon another occasion, the secret of an especially ideal woman's life seemed to be revealed, when that woman's daughter remarked: "Mother never had any sympathy with women who tried to make themselves look younger than they are by artificial means. Mother believes the true spirit of life is to accept life's changes as they come."—Baltimore Sun.

Activities of Women.

Marriages are contracted very early in Persia.

Connecticut will open a college for women in the fall.

The average wages of 125,000 working women in Chicago are less than \$6 per week.

Mrs. C. H. Comstock is sales manager of the woman's department of a large real estate firm in Cleveland, O.

If the proposed constitutional amendment becomes a law in California, every bachelor girl in the state between the ages of twenty-one and thirty will be taxed every year.

Since the war began Russia has given the Order of St. George to 80 women, all of whom served in the ranks either as fighters or were under fire as Red Cross nurses.

Several women prominent in official circles in Washington have organized a patriotic organization to be known as the Paul Jones association, the object of which is to preserve as a national heirloom the old colonial mansion near Halifax, N. C., where the great naval hero spent several years of his life.

Warfare Then and Now.

In 13 days the allies rained on Sebastopol 60,000 balls, averaging 45 pounds in weight, making a daily shower of 2,700,000 pounds of iron, or a total storm of 35,100,000 pounds, worth at the rate English pig iron is selling (let alone transportation and manufacture) \$313,380. If the cannon balls fired from the allied lines during the 13 days were rolled into rail bars weighing 60 pounds to the yard, the bars would extend 332 miles; or if laid as a railroad would suffice for a single track road from New York to Albany, with all the necessary turnouts. It is estimated that 4,680,000 pounds of powder was required to push the iron. At 15 cents a pound this cost \$702,000.—From the Spirit of the Times, 1855.

Shooting Through Aero Propellers.

The use of machine guns on aeroplanes has been restricted because it was usually desirable to fire straight ahead and this could not be done on account of the propeller. But both Garros, the famous French flyer, and a German engineer have solved the problem by connecting the trigger of the gun with the engine so that the machine will fire only at the fraction of an instant when the propeller blade has passed out of range.

Beautiful Hats for Midsummer



Just to be beautiful is the aim of these lacy and flowery head coverings in which women delight to honor midsummer days and all that they bring of pleasure. All sorts of fabrics, airy or gay, engage the fancy of designers of millinery for the midsummer season. Matter-of-fact utility need not restrain the artistic instinct for the beautiful in composition, and it is allowed free play in color. Therefore we have such fascinating hats as those pictured here.

Increasing width of brim is the rule for the picturesque things that easily find favor with women this season, but the first hat pictured is something of an exception to this. It is as much bonnet as hat, and is one of the many inspirations drawn from the poke bonnet of long ago. The brim is of fine leghorn, wired on the underside, near the edge, with silk-covered wire matching the straw in color. It is set on to a crown of heavy, handmade lace, in a Battenberg pattern, in which a fancy braid forms the flower motifs. The crown is lined with malines in three thicknesses.

A sash of blue velvet ribbon is folded about the crown and finished with bow and long ends at the back. All this makes a lovely background for the wreath of blackberries, set in small rose foliage, in which the berries are shown in gradations of color as they look when ripening on the bush. A few pink roses like those that pay tribute to midsummer in old-fashioned gardens, are set in this dark wreath.

A wide-brimmed hat of open-meshed shadow lace is second in the group. It is shirred over a wire frame and edged

with narrow val lace. Big half-blown pink roses and daisies of white chiffon, with rose foliage, make up the wreath. There is a bow and hanging ends of narrow black velvet ribbon perched at the edge of the upturned back brim. The ends are not essential to the beauty of the design and may be omitted.

The third hat is made of malines shirred over a wire frame. It has a wide border of leghorn, and a narrow strip of this braid outlines a stay-wire on the underbrim. A butterfly bow of wired black velvet ribbon is poised at the back and a wreath of azaleas finishes the design, which may be carried out in any of the pale colors but is shown here in the lightest of pink tints. No one should begrudge the milliner a liberal price for work which requires so much skill as is evident in the making of these hats.

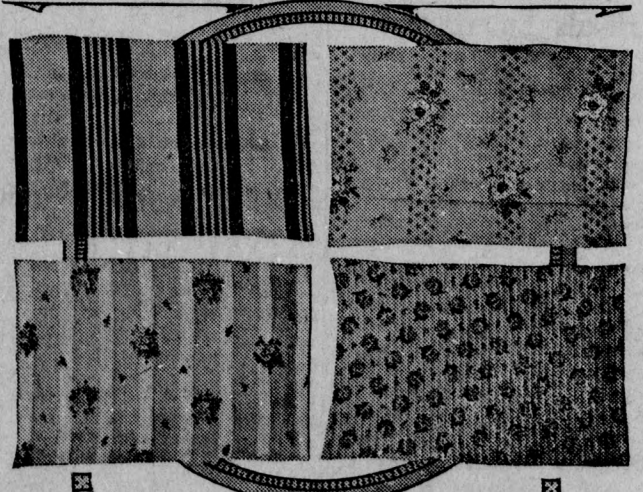
JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Care of Crochet Lace.

Articles made of crochet may be kept in shape by this method. Wash carefully and rinse thoroughly, then dip in a basin of warm water in which a teaspoonful of sugar has been dissolved. Next place in a dry cloth and squeeze, after which pull into shape and pin upon a cushion. Be careful to fasten down each part of the articles and they will dry satisfactorily.

To cut crochet lace, put small piece of lawn or organdie under the lace where you wish to cut it, then make two rows of machine stitching across the lace about an eighth of an inch apart. Cut between these rows. Trim off all edges of lawn and the lace will not ravel.

Cotton Weaves and Ways of Using Them



When we stop to consider where-withal we are clothed, and count in everything from top to toe, it is agreeably surprising to find that a high percentage of our apparel is made of cotton. Even the blossoms that crown our millinery are fashioned of specially prepared cotton fabrics, woven for the purpose. Cleanliness and durability are the eminent virtues of well-woven cotton fabrics—two items that will forever appeal to civilized humans. Even the sheerest goods stand tubing successfully. But these essential virtues are abetted by the beauty and ever-increasing variety in weaves of cotton.

Among the weaves that have been most successful this season, cotton crepes, voiles and fine lawns may be profitably considered for making all sorts of pretty frocks. Four popular patterns are shown here, one of satin-striped voile, one of wide-striped voile, one of figured crepe, and one of printed lawn. The satin-striped voile has a dim floral pattern printed over the surface. All these fabrics are made with colors on a white ground.

Stripes, if managed well, make the smartest of frocks. The wide-striped voile will make a very effective skirt by stitching a border of plain blue silk about the bottom edge and one or two bands about the body of the skirt. The fullness at the waist line is laid in wide, flat box plaits with the white stripes folded under. These plaits are pressed down the entire length from waist to hem. The skirt is worn with a thin white waist, and a draped

sleeveless bodice of the voile is worn over this, having a girdle of silk like that on the skirt.

Satin-striped voiles may be well managed by plaiting them in side plaits with the satin stripes overlaid and pressed down the length of the skirt. Inserts of lace or cotton embroidery take the place of silk bands, or bands of narrow ribbon (in the lightest weaves) may be stitched to the material.

The figured crepes and printed lawns are made up effectively in so many ways that it is hard to make a choice of design. Now that wide and flaring skirts are so fashionable very quaint and fascinating ones are made of these flowery and airy fabrics by setting one wide ruffle on another. Four or five founces, each made with a narrow standing ruffle at the top, will make the required length of skirt and right proportion in width of flounce.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Fans as Centerpieces.

Dining table electric fans are the latest summer comfort. These fans revolve horizontally instead of vertically, as do the familiar ones, and the air is thrown off at a tangent from the revolving blades. The mechanism is mounted on a small pedestal, so that such a fan, placed on the dining-room table as a centerpiece, throws a continuous current of air to the faces of all the people sitting round the table.—Saturday Evening Post.

Out of a Shipwrecked Past

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

The cattlemen aboard the big trans-Atlantic liner looked with disfavor upon the parties of saloon passengers who come between decks to watch them feed and water the steers. They resented the intrusion, and the evident curiosity of these beings from a world wholly alien from their experience.

Perhaps it was the look upon Mayne's face that struck the girl who had lingered behind.

"You—you don't like us to come here?" she asked timidly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "If the sight of our poverty and menial labor affords you satisfaction—yes, madam."

"You speak like a gentleman," said the girl, looking at him curiously.

"I used to be one," he answered indifferently.

She still stood looking at him. He had a refined face, but an embittered expression on it. He was perhaps thirty years of age. She looked at his hands; they were white, but hardened by toil. Undoubtedly he had been a gentleman.

Mayne, for the first time, raised his eyes to hers. She saw now that there was a furtive expression in them, as though the man wished to hide something—as if he were ashamed of something. He saw a pretty girl of about twenty-five, fashionably dressed, but a little hard, he thought. They watched each other, while the cattle lowed and the wrangling voices of the cattlemen in the fo'c'stle seemed to blend into harmony with the throbbing screw and plash of the waves.

"It is never too late to change," said the girl softly, placing her hand upon his sleeve.

"Not when the wish remains," he answered. "But when hope is gone—"

"What then?" she cried, and he saw her face momentarily distorted, as if she remembered some terrible misfortune.

"It would surprise you," he said, "if I were to tell you that I have



She Was Clinging to the Keel of an Upturned Boat.

chosen this life deliberately. Yet such is the case. I used to be quite a different sort of man. In fact, I was what is called a 'college man,' I believe, though the words awaken no pride in me now. Yes, I chose deliberately to herd with men of this stamp, because—here alone I find frankness, loyalty, friendship. I—"

He broke off suddenly and looked moodily at her.

"Tell me," the girl whispered.

"He was my friend, and she—well, we had known each other all our lives and were engaged to be married. I came home unexpectedly and found that he had betrayed me. That is all. It happened five years ago. But about the same time my trustee robbed me of my fortune. That was why she was false. If it had been love for him I could have forgotten. So I disappeared from my world and chose this one. Now run away to your friends, little girl, and play," he sneered brutally.

He might as well have sneered at one of the patient cattle, for all the effect it had.

"And you think that you are free?" she asked. "You have no sense of law, of citizenship, of public duty?"

"Hardly," he said, scoffing. "Yes, we are free equally, you in your gilded luxury, and I in my comradeship with the outcasts of the world."

"I free?" she cried, beginning to laugh. He heard the catch in her throat and his eyes softened momentarily. "Listen, then. We shall never meet again, and I can tell you what I cannot tell anybody else. My father is many times a millionaire."

"Yes, that can be seen," he said, looking at her dress, her jewels. He saw the flush creep up under her skin. His penetrating glance seemed to dissect her.

"You know the lives of us women?"

she asked. "Or you have read of them, at any rate. And what one reads is underestimated, not exaggerated. I have never had a moment's freedom in my life, not since I was a little girl, playing with my dolls."

"At school I was smothered with attentions. At home I was suffocated with nurses, companions I hated, chosen for their wealth and rank. Later I was decked out, sent to a finishing school, all my nature cramped and hardened by luxury and convention. And I always longed for my emancipation."

"Do you know what we women have to look forward to? Marriage. That is all. And we are not free to choose. My father is not unkind to me, but he understands nothing. It is not he who traded me, but convention again. It is the pressure of circumstances, of environment, more terrible than physical force. So I am traded for the coronet of a viscount. That is why I am going to England—to marry him. And if I could be a man and free as you are free, then only could I begin to live. Good-by."

She turned away hurriedly and he saw the tears streaming down her cheeks. He made no effort to follow her, but stood watching her, like a mar in a dream.

He dreamed of her during the long night, when the cattle ship pitched and tossed heavily in the trough of the channel, and the blinding fog came down. The timbers of the old ship groaned as the waves buffeted her. At his post the captain strained to catch sight of the Foreland lights.

Suddenly, with a crash that sent every timber jarring, the liner stopped, shivered, and keeled over. The shock sent the cattlemen flying from their bunks. They rushed out into the open space between the pens. From the upper deck came cries and the sound of seamen running. Women began to scream. Through the haze loomed up the squat form of a collier.

There was no possibility of mistaking what had happened. The liner, rushing at full speed through the fog, had struck the collier, not with her bow, but amidships, a glancing blow which had ripped her outer sheath nearly halfway from the bow. She was keeling lower—she would go under within a few minutes. There were no water-tight partitions on the old ship, and, if there had been, they would have been of little aid in such a situation.

After the first confusion the cattlemen gathered between decks and waited. Outcasts as these men were, they had the discipline of the sea.

They did not know that Mayne was lying unconscious upon the fo'c'stle floor, where he had been flung by the shock. They waited quietly enough, listening to the racket overhead. The seamen were trying to lower the boats. But those on the port side were near the water, those on the starboard unable to be launched owing to the angle of the vessel.

The passengers had been assembled. The stewards were running hither and thither with lifebelts. The grimy faces of the stokers appeared above the ladder. The fires had already been flooded.

Fortunately the cattle ship carried few passengers. Even the port boats sufficed to contain them. The collier had backed away and megaphoned through the fog. Order was restored out of chaos. Even the cattlemen were remembered.

Only, before all could be taken away, the ship keeled over and disappeared in the swirling waters.

As she went down the tilting deck slid Mayne into the water. The shock of the immersion revived him; he found himself gasping and battling for life in a whirlpool of bellowing cattle and floating planks from the pens. He managed to catch one and supported himself. Over the invisible water came cries and screams, which gradually grew fainter.

He was awake now. He knew what had occurred. It was strange that at that moment he thought, not of his past love so dishonored, but of the girl he had seen.

And, as he pictured her, he saw her face painted upon the drifting haze. Another instant and he was staring into her eyes.

She was clinging to the keel of an upturned boat, which had been swept down into the rapids, carrying its inmates to destruction in the swamp of the liner. How she had lived through those moments of agony she never knew; she thought afterward it was because Mayne was so near, because there was a life for both of them, to be lived together.

He saw her upturned face and swam toward her. A moment later he was clinging to the boat beside her, supporting her. He climbed upon the keel and pulled her up after him. She sank back into his arms.

Day broke and the fog drifted away. Upon the horizon appeared the white sails of a fishing schooner. She was bearing down upon them. The girl lifted her haggard face.

"All my past, all I have, my family, my friends were on the ship—in the boat that went down," she said.

"And my past—" he began. "Listen!" he cried fiercely. "I want to live again, a new life, untroubled by any thoughts of the past. I have money in my clothes—enough to help me to begin that life. And I want to help you to begin yours."

"Ours," she said gravely—for one does not speak lightly in such a moment. "Perhaps, out of our shipwrecked past a fairer future may arise for each of us."

More Chance to Win.
Never bet on a sure thing when you can take a chance.

CHANGED HIS THEORY

WEEK MAN GOT TIRED OF BEING
IMPOSED UPON.Finally Decided There Was Nothing
In the Idea and Went Strongly on
the Other Tack—Waxed
Rich and Fat.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a wonderful disposition. Nothing ruffled him. Mild-mannered and gentle, he went about his business regularly on week-days and attended church regularly on Sundays. His favorite beatitude was, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." He was constantly hoping that someone would strike him on the cheek, so that he could turn the other one, and he always kept handy a cloak, which, in obedience to the Biblical injunction, he could give also to anybody who might take his coat.

It was his policy in political and economic matters invariably to be agreeable, generous, and self-effacing. When the politicians broke their promises, he always supposed they must have had a good reason for so doing. He believed that the trust magnates were more interested in the welfare of the country than in their own profits, and whenever the trusts raised prices he assumed that the poor owners wouldn't have done it unless it was absolutely necessary.

Thus, until he was past middle age, was his serenity undisturbed, and he kept getting poorer all the time. Finally he was down and out altogether, whereupon he went to the banker with whom he had deposited all his life and who happened to be also the chief owner of the local street railway company which was famous throughout the country for high rates and poor service. When the man asked the banker for a temporary loan the banker was very, very kind to the man, and, with tears in his eyes, explained that there was no one in all the world to whom he would rather lend money than to the man, but the fact was that business was business and finance was finance, and he did not consider the man a good risk, because he was too easy-going.

The man went away and began to brood over his situation. For the first time in his life he found himself fearing lest his temper get the better of him. He kept on brooding, and then he discovered that he was actually getting mad, and the more he brooded the madder he got. He muttered, "Blessed are the meek! Bah! Accursed are the meek, for they shall be imposed upon!" He began to judge everybody on the theory that they would judge him whether he judged them or not. He declared that any man who struck him on the cheek had better get out of the way if he did not want to get a fusillade of blows in return, and if a fellow took his coat, he would make him give back a whole suit.

His fortunes immediately changed for the better, and in a short time he became so influential that nothing was done in the community without first securing his approval.

Moral—Whom the gods would preserve they first make mad.—Ellis O. Jones, in Life.

Modeling New Faces on Wounded.

Some extraordinary operations to repair faces shattered by shells are being performed by the French surgeons. Dr. J. Dundas Grant describes in the Lancet a few of those that he witnessed at Val de Grace and Bordeaux. In one case the bridge of a man's nose had been driven in, completely closing the rear nasal passages. M. Morestin detached what was left of the nose, leaving it as a flap attached below. He cleared out the nasal passages and stuffed the cavity with gauze, which he replaced with rubber tubes after a few days. He planted part of the cartilage of a rib in the man's forehead, and when this had taken root he cut it away, turned it down, attached it to the remains of the nose and remodeled this. In many cases in which a large part of the lower jaw had been shot away, casts were taken of both jaws, and on these the surgeons and the dentists studied the best methods of repair. They were often able to restore at least the ability to chew food and to talk.

Situation in France.

Pat, who was out of work, and who was thinking of emigrating, was passing by a news agent's shop the other day, when a placard outside the door, containing the words "Situation in France," attracted his attention.

Pat (having gone into the shop)—O've come about that situation you're advertising.

News Agent—What situation are you referring to, sir?

Pat (pointing to placard)—It's the one in France I'm after.

News Agent—But that's on the state of affairs.

Pat—Sorra a ha'porth I care whose estate it's on. Bedad! I'll take it.

Gloomy Cabaret Entertainer.

Sandstorm Smith, the well-known Oklahoma cattle baron, was enjoying the entertainment in one of Kansas City's most popular cabaret restaurants. He eyed with basilisk gaze the chief singer, a desiccated young man with a face as solemn and elongated as the countenance of a venerable horse. "If he's as grief-stricken as all that at a merry-making," Sandstorm commented, "I'd shore like to see him at a funeral!"—Kansas City Star.

SAN FRANCISCO HOTELS

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Lankershim Hotel

55 FIFTH ST. Opposite U. S. Mint
New Fireproof Hotel. 350 Rooms
Every Modern Up-to-Date Convenience
Large Ground Floor Lobby

Rates—EUROPEAN PLAN
Single rooms \$1.00 per day, 1 person without bath
Double " \$1.50 " " 2 persons " "
Single " \$1.50 " " 1 person with " "
Double " \$2.50 " " 2 persons " "

You don't need a map to find the Lankershim Hotel. It is in the very center of San Francisco. Take the Universal Bus to the Hotel at our expense. F. KLEIN, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Acme Hotel

819 Mission St. Near Fourth St.
NEW HOTEL 250 ROOMS
Large Ground Floor Lobby. Every
Modern Convenience

RATES—EUROPEAN PLAN
Single rooms 75c, one person, without bath, per day.
Double rooms \$1.00, two persons, without bath, per day.
Single rooms \$1.50, one person, with bath, per day.
Double rooms \$2.00, two persons, with bath, per day.

Take the Big Blue Auto Universal Bus at our expense to the Hotel. The Acme Hotel is a comfortable place to stay at a moderate price in the very heart of San Francisco. JOSEPH JOHNSTONE, Resident Manager.

Astoria Hotel

514 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.
SUNNY CORNER 150 ROOMS

All Outside Rooms
Elegantly Furnished

RATES—EUROPEAN PLAN
Single rooms, per day \$1.00, one person without bath.
Double rooms, per day, \$1.50 and \$2.50, two persons without bath.

This New Hotel has every modern convenience known to the latest architecture, and is within ten minutes trolley ride to Exposition Grounds. In the very center of the City, adjoining the retail dry goods district.
Take the Universal Bus from the wharf or depot at Hotel's expense.
G. F. WALKER, Manager.

In and Out.

"I work," related a friend, to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "in a sash, door and blind factory. Owing to the unprecedented building boom this spring we have been unable to keep up with our orders. People coming into the office and ordering articles for immediate delivery are likely to be disappointed—they have to wait their turn. And all this I tell you as an introduction to a curious example of the peculiarities of the English language which I overheard the other day.

"A man entered the front office in a great hurry.

"Is the boss in?" he asked.
"Is there anything I could do for you?" countered one of our polite young clerks.

"I want to see him about buying some doors at once. Is he here?"
"Well," explained the clerk, "he's in his private office, but he's out of doors."

WONDERFUL HOW RESINOL STOPS SKIN TORMENTS

The soothing, healing medication in resinol ointment and resinol soap penetrates the tiny pores of the skin, clears them of impurities and stops itching instantly. Resinol positively and speedily heals eczema, heat-rash, ringworm and similar eruptions, and clears away disfiguring pimples and blackheads when other treatments have been almost useless.

Resinol is not an experiment. It is a doctor's prescription which proved so wonderfully successful for skin troubles that it has been used by other doctors all over the country for twenty years. Every drugstore sells resinol ointment and resinol soap.—Adv.

Army of Doctors.

In proportion to its numbers, the American army is better off than any other for doctors—all first-rate men selected by means of a stiff competitive examination. Humanity is indebted to them for many valuable contributions to medical science. The sanitary triumph of the occupation of Cuba was due to the researches made by a board of American army doctors, which established the truth of the mosquito theory of the transmission of yellow fever. Later on this discovery rendered possible the digging of the Panama canal.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorable family laxative.—Adv.

Mrs. Bacon—I understand one can learn different languages from the phonograph! Mrs. Ebert—Well, since our neighbor got his, I know my husband has used language I never heard him use before.—Topeka Journal.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



LITTLE DIFFERENCE IN TIME

Didn't Matter to Old Darkey in Kentucky Whether Watch Was Regulated by Sun or Railroad.

A prominent lawyer tells this tale of the hills of Kentucky. He had been in Jackson during the hearing of a big land case, and after the strain of several weeks in the courtroom had decided to take a trip up in the mountains and enjoy the quieting influence of the hills. He traveled the paths and narrow mountain roads till he found himself at the end of several days' journey about forty or fifty miles from the railroad. It was about noon, the lawyer judged, for his watch had run down and he could not be exact. But in the midst of this deep contemplation the lawyer came upon an old darkey sitting upon a boulder alongside the road.

"What time have you?" he asked of the old darkey.
"Well suh, boss, the old Water berry says she's about 10 minutes to 12," was the reply.

"Is that sun time or railroad time?" again questioned the lawyer.

"What diffrence does that make? One am about as fer from here as the other."—Louisville Times.

Self-Effacement.

"Are you going to your wife's party?" asked the old friend.
"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The last time we had a party I attended and couldn't find anybody to talk to."

"Then you are not a success in society?"
"No. The most I can do is to stay in hiding and not injure the prospects of mother and the girls."

A Versatile Man.

"I couldn't get along without my doctor."

"No?"

"When I'm sick he tells me a funny story and I get well."

"Does he make out his bill 'to professional service' or 'entertainment'?"

Creating That Impression.

"I see it again stated that eating onions regularly will make a person live a long time. Do you suppose there is any truth in that theory?"
"I can't say, but eating onions regularly will probably make a person's life seem long to other people with whom he comes in contact."

A Candidate for Reform.

"What are you so gloomy about?" asked the warden. "The offense for which you were sent to this prison might have been much more serious."
"That's what depresses me. I'm afraid they ain't goin' to let me stay here long enough to finish me education."

TIMES HAD CHANGED.



Mrs. Henry Peck—You used to say that I looked good enough to eat.
Peck—I haven't as good an appetite as I had then.

Not Much Argument.

"Have you chosen a name for your little daughter yet?"
"Yes. We've decided to call her Clotilde."

"That's a pretty name. How did you decide on it?"
"My wife said that was the one she wanted."

Commercialization.

"What does this talk of commercialized baseball refer to?"
"The fact, possibly, that so many players have gone into vaudeville or on the lecture platform."

Not a Sincere Dancer.

"What is your reason for wanting to learn to dance?"
"Well, it looks foolish to sit still and look foolish than it does to get on your feet and look foolish."

IN A MUG ON MANTELPIECE

Resting Place of Old Maid Who Believed in Cremation Thus Described by Faithful Domestic.

Mary and Nora had lived as faithful domestics for many years in a home whose only other occupants were two old maids. One of these was a believer in cremation. Nora took a trip to Ireland. During her absence the old maid mentioned died. Her dust was reverently put in an urn above the sitting-room fireplace, where the remaining sister could always have a sense of the departed's presence.

A year later Nora returned, to the surprise of Mary, who gave her a warm welcome.

"I'm glad to see ye back," said Mary, taking the wraps.
"I'm glad to be back," said Nora—then added—"Is there any chance of comin' to live wid ye again?"

"There's only the one of them here now," said Mary, reverently.

"Where's the other?" asked Nora, in astonishment.

"She's up in the mug on the mantelpiece,"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Resourceful.

"What are your constituents going to do about your failure to get an appropriation for Crawfish creek?"

"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum. "Maybe this year it will go dry for keeps. Then we might work up a proposition to loosen up some expenditures by having it paved as a public highway."

Extra Work.

"That baseball pitcher has a rather spectacular delivery."

"So he has. Do you suppose he hopes to alarm the batter by his contortions?"

"Perhaps, or it may be merely his way of showing that he is earning his salary."

THE DAMAGE.



Doubtless—Was anything broken when you fell on the street?"

Ecks—Someone cracked a smile and I broke a few rules of propriety.

No Chance.

"You never can tell how a man is going to turn out."

"Sometimes you can."

"For instance?"

"When I see a fellow who would rather stay in bed all day than go out wearing socks that don't match his tie, I know he'll never be the president of a railroad."

Nothing More Useful.

"I suppose you have a great deal of poetry to handle in the spring," said the visitor.

"Oh, yes," answered the frayed and frazzled editor. "But there are times when a manuscript contains just what I'm looking for."

"And what is that?"
"Stamps."

Taking a Gloomy View.

"What a beautiful edifice that railway station is."

"Yes. But I can't say I approve of it," replied Mr. Growcher. "Every time I look at the immense palatial structure I feel sorry for the poor railroads whose desire to elevate public taste has led them to live beyond their means."

His Bread and Butter.

"I met Biffers' wife yesterday. Talks all the time, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"I never heard Biffers complain about it."

"He'd better not. She supports him by lecturing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Helps Some.

"A woman is never happy unless she is in style."

"Perhaps that is true, but she can get a great deal of comfort out of knowing that some woman is not in style."

The Difference.

"How is it that one of those brothers succeeded so well in business while the other went to state prison?"

"Well, you see, one forged ahead and the other forged a hand."

A Usual Title.

"What is that distinguished-looking Mexican's name?"

"I don't remember. Just call him 'general' and the chances are that you won't go wrong."

No Impression.

"I know of one place where a wire-less call for help would have no effect."

"Where is that?"
"An intelligence office."

MAN TO BE PITIED

Born Dissenter Finds Himself With Few Friends.

The World Hesitates to Believe in the Honesty of Such an Individual, Though He May Consider Himself Independent.

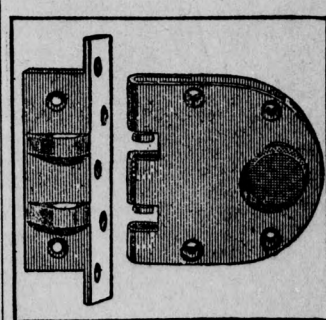
The born dissenter generally merits a share of the world's frowns which he somehow manages to evade. Perhaps it is because the world pities him, and what it pities it hesitates to frown upon. But a lively soul abhors pity as much as it does condemnation. Not the born dissenter, however. If he abhors anything it is the thought that some day he will miss an opportunity to exhibit his talent for dissenting in a situation where his example would influence others to see his conception of right. He denies himself tobacco not because he does not like it, but because he likes to have his friends believe that he thinks it injurious, and has the strength to do without it. In the midst of a social gathering he pleads a business engagement as an excuse for leaving. He has no business engagement, but it pleases him to think that he has impressed a certain group of persons with his attention to business, even in the face of a pleasant alternative. In matters of politics and religion and other things that do not immediately touch his pocketbook, his opinion is generally contrary to that of the majority, not because that is the way he thinks, but because to be with the majority is to be merely one of the mob, and to admit the possession of intellectual attributes hardly above the ordinary. He calls this independence, and as often as not he is admired for it. He is also commended for his virtues. They are stern virtues, and he clings to them successfully. As a matter of fact, they are negative virtues, and all of them involve his penchant for dissension. He is good because, to his way of thinking, the vast majority of persons are not good. He is, therefore, different and better, and this is distinction enough for him. The only trouble with him is that he has frozen the soul out of himself. His kindness consists in avoiding opportunities to be unkind, and since kindness is the greatest of human virtues he is forced to live a frigid existence in the alleyways of life, and men pity him.—Exchange.

DOOR CANNOT BE FORCED

Inventor Claims He Has Produced Lock That Can Defy Most Modern Burglars.

A lock that cannot be jimmed has long been the goal toward which lock smiths have been striving. Many have been invented, but all have proved failures, because any bolt that shoots horizontally from door to jamb can be forced by a skillful burglar. A patent has recently been issued, however, for a lock in which the bolts drop perpendicularly into sockets and thus fasten the door just as it is hung upon its hinges.

No burglar can jimmy a hinge. In the first place, the hinge is so situated that it is out of sight and reach; in the second place, prying with a jimmy makes the hinge hold tighter. This is precisely what is claimed for this new lock. The illustration shows it open. When it is closed by turning the key the bolts go right through the



sockets and penetrate nearly a quarter of an inch into sockets on the body of the lock, as shown by the dotted lines.

Outside the room nothing shows but a metal circle, and this is concave and countersunk, so that no jimmy can get purchase. It is claimed that the more a burglar tries to pry at this lock the more firmly does it close the door.

Millions in Pigs.

The total value of the pig industry in Ireland increased from £6,887,000 in 1905 to £8,146,000 in 1914. Bacon-curing is carried on by about fifty firms, employing approximately 3,000 hands, and Ireland exports about one-fifth of the total import of bacon to the United Kingdom. The Irish laborer and his family grow more and more reluctant, a departmental committee states, to feed and look after pigs, the increased value of the returns from poultry and eggs inclining them rather to that source of income. Small holders do the pig-raising.

His Guess.

"There's only one seat left for tonight, and that's behind a post," said the man in the theater ticket office.

"How much is it?"

"Why, two dollars."

"What's the matter? Isn't the show worth seeing?"

Weak Women!

Some women are weak because of ills that are common

In Girlhood—Womanhood and Motherhood

The prescription which Dr. R. V. Pierce used most successfully—in diseases of women—which has stood the test of nearly half a century—is

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tablet form as a tonic and regulator!

Mrs. Kate D. Richardson, of Beasley, Essex Co., Va., says: "I esteem it a pleasure to testify to the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For some years I suffered greatly with weakness peculiar to my sex. I was treated by several physicians but gradually grew worse. One of my friends told me of the good results of your Favorite Prescription. I went to the drug store and got a bottle, and after taking it, with the 'Pleasant Pellets,' I commenced to get better. I never knew what happiness was, for I was always sick and complaining and made others as well as myself unhappy. So you see what a debt I owe you!"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels

Funny Bone Ticklers

He—Did you tell the new cook I'm going on the 7:12 train?

She—Yes.

He—What did she say?

She—That she was going on the same train.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The traveler had just handed the dining-car waiter a fifteen-cent tip.

"Seuse me, boss," said the waiter, glancing at the change in his hand.

"dare am one mo' cent comin'. Since the wo' in Europe we has declared a wo' tax of one cent on all tips what's fifteen cents an' ovah."—Railroad Man's Magazine.

"Waiter," complained a passenger in the dining-car, "there's a needle in this soup."

The waiter hesitated, then smiled reassuringly.

"Dat sho' mus' be a typographical error, boss," he explained. "Dey meant noodle."—Railroad Man's Magazine.

The street-car conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully, and said meekly: "This transfer expired an hour ago, lady."

The lady, digging in her purse after a coin, replied: "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—Puck.

As the early morning Missouri Pacific train out of Kansas City drew up at a station a pleasant looking old gentleman stepped out on the platform and, inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the brakeman:

"Isn't this invigorating?"

"No, sir," replied the conscientious employee, "it's Pleasant Hill."—Railroad Man's Magazine.

A Mississippi farmer was the owner of a good Alderney cow. A stranger, having admired the animal, asked the farmer, "What will you take for the cow?"

The farmer scratched his head for a moment, and then said: "Look a here! Be you the tag assessor, or has she been killed by the railroad?"—The Argonaut.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger, who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for the train going the other way, "but I hatq to do it."

"Why?"

"Because after you have seen it you will think I'm a liar."—The Railway Clerk.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper, which carries the sleeper, jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleep for the sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.—Ladies' Home Journal.

NEW MODERN DANCING.

E. Fletcher Hallamore, the leading Dancing Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-BATH, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for ten years, and recommend it to all my pupils." It cures and prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Department Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

Fair Weather Verses.

Clorinda smiles—and darkened skies
Take on a golden, gleaming guise;
Clorinda frowns—and e'en the sun
Its gay, resplendent course has run.
Clorinda, dear, the present weather
Is sickly, nasty altogether;
Forego, then, every other wile,
But, please, or, please, don't doff your smile!—Judge.

Viewpoint.

Bride—I'm sure the rest of the honeymoon will be just as happy. I know our love will last.

Bridegroom—I'm not worrying about the love, and I'm not nervous about the money.

COULDN'T SPEND HER MONEY

American Girl in Paris Was Entirely Willing, But the Government Interfered.

The girl who was born under the star of extravagance, whatever that is, was praised for her unnatural economy.

"Just think," her people said, "of having all that money over there in Paris, and not spending it."

"Don't blame me," the girl protested with unblushing candor. "It was not my fault. I wanted to spend it, but I could not; I couldn't get at it. In spite of myself, I was forced into the paths of economy by the French government."

"At the beginning of the war I solved all the business problems by making my trunk my banker. What money I had was drawn out of the bank and deposited in my trunk. That seemed a pretty safe place, so most of my money was left there when I went to London on a visit."

"I had made my home in Paris with an old school friend. While I was in London her husband died."

"When I came back it was as much as I could do to get into the house. The government had been in and had clapped red seals, fastened to the ends of a piece of tape, across everything about the place."

"My own trunk had not escaped. Right across the lock was a band of tape with these seals of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' above and below. They did not represent much liberty for me; they came nearer to representing captivity, for I had run up debts, and the only money I had to pay them with was in that trunk."

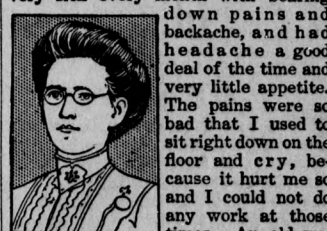
"Then came such a bargain sale. It consisted of lace and feathers and jewelry that had belonged to a very fine lady and were going dirt cheap. They were sold at private sale and I was offered first pick of anything I wanted."

"For three months, while all the terrifying entanglements of French law were being unraveled, my money was imprisoned. When my friend's affairs were finally settled and the seals removed, the bargains I coveted had been sold elsewhere, so I had saved my money."

IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN CRIED

Suffered Everything Until Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Florence, So. Dakota.—"I used to be very sick every month with bearing down pains and backache, and had headache a good deal of the time and very little appetite. The pains were so bad that I used to sit right down on the floor and cry, because it hurt me so and I could not do any work at those times. An old woman advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I got a bottle. I felt better the next month so I took three more bottles of it and got well so I could work all the time. I hope every woman who suffers like I did will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. P. W. LANSING, Box 8, Allyn, Wash.



Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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S. F. N. U. 31, 1915

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placed anywhere attracts and kills all flies. Heat, cold, dampness, no matter how bad, does not affect it. Made of metal, can't melt or rust. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or sent by express postpaid for \$1.

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
I. W. Snow, W. M.
James Fabinger, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Nelson A. Blake, Noble Grand.
O. D. Poston, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
E. K. Clendenning, Worthy Master.
Mrs. Edna Keesling, Worthy Secretary.

Fraternal Aid Union

Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
MR. ROBERT SCHOLZ, President.
Mrs. S. J. Brandenburg, Secretary.

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FREE PORTS BUILDERS OF COMMERCE

By Peter Radford.

This nation is now entering upon an era of marine development. The wreckage of European commerce has drifted to our shores and the world war is making unprecedented demands for the products of farm and factory. In transportation facilities on land we lead the world but our port facilities are inadequate, and our flag is seldom seen in foreign ports. If our government would only divert the energy we have displayed in conquering the airroads to mastering the commerce of the sea, a foreign bottom would be unknown on the ocean's highways.

This article will be confined to a discussion of our ports for the products of the farm must pass over our wharves before reaching the water. We have in this nation 51 ports, of which 41 are on the Atlantic and 10 are on the Pacific Coast. The Sixty-second Congress appropriated over \$51,000,000 for improving our Rivers and Harbors and private enterprise levies a toll of approximately \$50,000,000 annually in wharfage and charges for which no tangible service is rendered. The latter item should be lifted off the backs of the farmer of this nation and this can be done by Congress directing its appropriations to ports that are free where vessels can tie up to a wharf and discharge her cargo free of any fee or charge.

A free port is progress. It takes out the unnecessary link in the chain of transactions in commerce which has for centuries laid a heavy hand upon commerce. No movement is so heavily laden with results or so widely and equally distributed as that of a free port and none can be more easily and effectively secured.

SECOND CLEANUP CONTEST IN UTAH

Remarkable Results Achieved In Initial Campaign.

REVIEW OF WORK DONE.

Dr. T. M. Beatty, Secretary of the State Board of Health, Has Reported That the First Campaign Reduced the Death Rate Throughout Utah.

The second cleanup contest in the state of Utah is now on. The first one was inaugurated early in 1914 by the secretary of the Utah Development league. He worked through the commercial clubs of the state, the governor and the state board of health. As a result Utah in 1914 conducted the first cleanup town contest ever held in this country under the auspices of a state bureau.

So remarkable were the results last year, says the survey, that the contest is being repeated this year by the state board of health, the Utah Development league co-operating. The manner of conducting the contest and the mode of scoring will be essentially the same this year as last, so a brief review of last year's event will show the general value of the movement.

The contest started about the middle of March. Each town organized a committee of citizens who outlined and directed its campaign. Provo, a town of 10,000 population, selected a committee of fifty. A captain for each of the 250 city blocks was also appointed. By a centrally chosen street the town was divided into two competing sections.



WHAT A CLEANUP GATHERS.

From the citizens of each section a doctor and layman were chosen, constituting a committee of four judges.

When a resident finished cleaning up he notified the judges that his premises were ready for inspection. The judges scored his premises on a possible basis of 40 points. If he scored 75 points he was given a red or blue button according to whether he belonged to the red or blue army. The army receiving the greater number of buttons prevailed. In Lehi a prize of \$25 was given the winning side.

The same system of scoring as was used locally was employed by the state-wide judges in scoring the towns in the final contest, excepting that five points were reserved for sanitation of schoolhouses and other public buildings and five points for vacant lots, making the highest possible score for a town as a whole 100 points.

The state judges began scoring the towns on Aug. 15, before which date all preparations for the contest ceased. The three judges, one of whom was J. H. Wallis, former state food and dairy commissioner of Idaho, were paid for their services out of the funds of the state health department. The judges were busy scoring from Aug. 15 until the first week in November.

Of the possible 100 points 15 were devoted to sewage, 15 to stables and corrals, 10 to garbage disposal, 10 to water supply, 5 to public buildings, 5 to the marketing of food, 5 to the presence of flies (or, better, the absence of them), 5 to house sanitation. To the aesthetic, as distinguished from the sanitary aspect of the scoring, the remaining points were devoted—namely, to the condition of streets, parks and alleys, towns and flower gardens, vacant lots and fences.

The towns fell in six classes, from A to F inclusive, depending on the population. Salt Lake and Ogden alone constituted class A. Mantli, a town of between 1,500 and 2,500 population (Class D) received the highest score, although there was a prize for the leading town in each class.

T. B. Beatty, M. D., secretary of the state board of health, states that the campaign reduced the death rate throughout the state.

Federation of Civic Clubs.

At a recent meeting of the Federation of Commercial Clubs of Minnesota the federation voted to merge with the recently organized Minnesota Commercial and Civic federation. The meeting was attended by delegates from clubs at Duluth, St. Peter, Brainerd, Austin, Stillwater, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and

Novel Manufacturing Exhibit at Marvelous Exposition

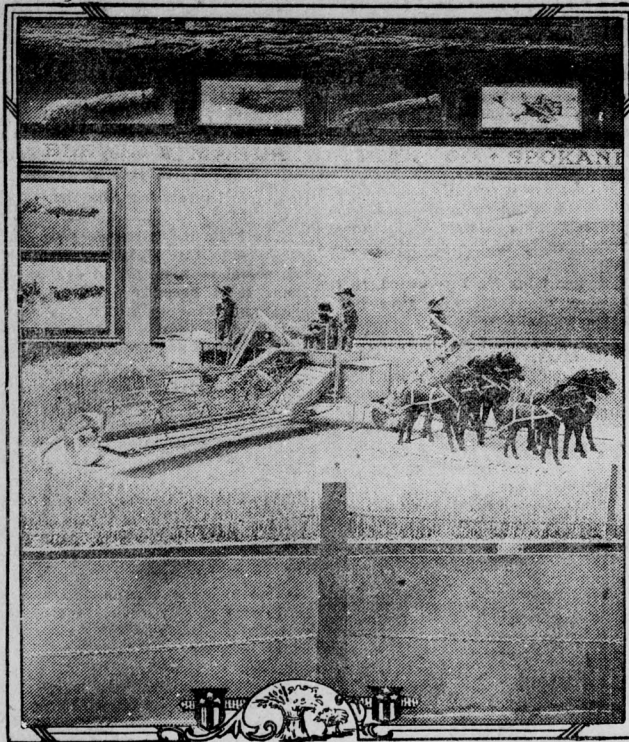


ILLUSTRATION shows one of the interesting exhibits in the Palace of Manufactures at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. This typifies the realism that dominates the whole exhibit of the great Exposition. The harvester and model houses are complete in every detail. Be sure to visit San Francisco this summer.

IF YOU want to talk war, join the army and get paid for it.

PEACE might find a more logical advocate than Bryan but war could not possibly find any one more illogical than Roosevelt.—Chronicle.

UNCLE SAM'S soothing syrup is being administered to the feverish Haitians at this time in the form of squads of marines with orders to keep peace in the family until a settlement can be reached.

THE fall styles have been decreed by the Custom Cutters and we all can breathe freely for a spell. The best news to the men folks is that they may wear the same trousers all the rest of the year without change, provided they are kept patched.

WAR is a fine thing—afar off, the farther the better, and the way our president has kept it afar is the cause of thankfulness in the hearts of the millions. To be sure England and Germany both deserve a good hard pat on the back, low down, but we believe in keeping our sons from being served as "meat for the cannon."

t. r. has said it, therefore, don't you believe it. When asked his views concerning Mr. Wilson's chances as next president, he stated that he had no time to talk tomfoolery. Such an idea is no tomfoolery and t. r. knows it but is only whistling to keep up his courage. If the political contest across the Atlantic continues, and there is every reason to believe it will, until after the next election, the American people, who are so well pleased with Mr. Wilson's efforts to keep our ship of state off the rocks, are not going to change pilots during a storm. No chance. If the war closes before next election, there is plenty of new material to select from.

Local and Personal

E. R. Kennedy went over to the San Joaquin yesterday on a business trip.

Formid: Infants' shoe. Owner can have by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

Geo. S. Robson went to points in Sacramento valley the first of the week on business.

Millard Berry, who was recently appointed as agent at Ben Lomond, has been transferred to Sunnyvale.

Miss Irene Jones of Bloomington, Ill., visited at the F. M. Righter home the first of the week. Miss Jones came out to see the Exposition.

Miss Rose Giles of Shasta County, who is attending the summer school at the U. of C., visited her sisters, Mesdames Fritz and Kennedy, this week.

G. C. Bradford and family, who have been enjoying an outing of some length at Brookdale, during Mr. Bradford's vacation, expect to return the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Alison spent last week-end at Mount Hermon and Miss Harriet Conway and Lucile Alison left yesterday for the same place for this week-end.

We are glad to note that Henry Young is again on his route after an absence of two weeks or more, on account of illness, during which time Claude Townsend has been substituting.

Mrs. Ellis Preston and children are home for a week from their camp at the Willows near Hotel De Redwood. They will return Tuesday. Their son, Clyde, who suffers from asthma, is improving in the mountain air.

The Grange had a very enjoyable session Tuesday evening at which the third and fourth degrees were given to four candidates. A fine banquet was served and a good social time spent. The attendance was very good for this time of year.

Methodist Church Notes

The Rev. John F. Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Davidson were callers at the pastor's study Tuesday.

An opportunity will be offered to unite with the church Sunday morning. The Epworth League meeting will be held as usual, but there will be no evening service Sunday, the union meeting being at the Congregational church.

Mr. Lloyd will speak at First Church, San Jose, Sunday evening. He took Mr. Fulmer's place at Los Gatos last Sunday evening.

The official board will meet at 8:30 Wednesday evening.

Miss Evelyn Lackner of Berlin, Canada, who is traveling thru the state with a party of friends, spent Tuesday with Miss Louise Lloyd.

The following people were visitors at the S. G. Rodeck home, Tuesday, Reverends J. F. Wilson, J. C. Davidson, J. F. Kellogg and grandson, W. Hermitage of the Episcopal clergy of San Francisco and wife, and Miss Mary Wythe of San Francisco.

The Campbell Apartments are nearing completion and when furnished will accommodate four families. The stairs are so arranged that each apartment may be exclusive if wished. Mrs. Lanphear is to be complimented for her enterprise and deserves adequate returns.

Dr. Ed. Sherman of Colorado, who is making a tour of the coast, stopped at a garage just outside of Yosemite a few days ago and was told that cars, one or more, from every state in the Union but Georgia and Florida had been there this year, and that a Georgia car was due the next day. Mr. Sherman and family are guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Williams.

Quality stationery to suit your taste, at Smith's.

Muir's Work

It is said that an investigation of the late John Muir's effects brings to light that he left material enough to make several volumes. If this is true and the right man can be obtained to put them in proper form, they will be a real contribution to the world's literature. The danger is that the thought behind the compilation will be to prepare something out of which a syndicate can make a fortune, through the binding, with just enough of Muir within the covers to give the books a Muir flavor.

The man to compile them should be a scholar like Muir, with a gift of language and magnetism like Muir's, and with his taste, and such a reverence for Muir that he would reject anything which in his soul he would realize that Muir would reject were he alive and engaged in the work of compiling. One volume, prepared that way, and bound in simple form, would be worth a dozen Morocco and gold covers padded within with a dreary waste of commercially prepared words with the soul of John Muir leached out of them.

Muir was the most perfect child of nature endowed with a gift of expressing in words what he saw and felt, that the world has any record of.

But little of what he wrote has found its way into print, but the charm of it is of the kind that never flags, and it would be better to leave his fame with that little than to have it soiled by a bungler. But the world is hungry for all that he really wrote, for he was, indeed, an interpreter of nature to man; nature in the way she framed the world; in the way she marshals her storms; in the sublime plan of her seasons; in the way she embossed her history on the rocks; in the pictures she painted that man in watching them might know there was a God; in the way she prepared to feed her birds and animals and to prepare her world for a home for man; a home so endowed that when man should comprehend its blessings and its loveliness he could not help but be thankful.

Muir wove all this into simple language; but he tinged his words with tints of sunbeams, the blooms of wild flowers, wove into them; the rhythm of the songs of joyous birds and the murmur of the pines when the winds come a wooing them and all is intoned by the love of God. Be careful that no bungler attempts to put in form his manuscript.—Goodwin's Weekly.

California Clippings

A colonization syndicate, under the direction of bishops and pastors of the National Synod of the Norwegian Lutheran Church, has finally decided to encourage an immigration of its members from the Middle West to the Sacramento Valley. It is announced that contracts have been made for the purchase of 10,000 acres in Sutter, Yuba and Placer Counties, including 2,000 acres of Natomus holdings in the Bear River district. It is understood that at least 1,000 acres must be settled upon by colonists within a year and a definite agreement has been made for a certain portion of the selected area to be taken up from year to year. The new settlers will not be immigrants, but practical farmers already experienced in American methods.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce announces that the city's rank in comparison with the cities of the United States during the year 1914 is as follows: First in actual value of land and improvements per capita; third in average capital per national bank; fifth in building contracts; fifth in foreign imports; fifth in total national bank capital; seventh in foreign exports of domestic goods; eighth in bank clearings; eleventh in number of manufacturing establishments.

One man in Southern California is reported to have ready for shipment twenty tons of comb honey, the result of the spring's production. This particular man is not a professional bee-keeper, but is a well digger. His output shows the possibilities of honey as a by-product in California, which offers unlimited possibilities to bee-keepers, but which still imports a large part of the honey consumed.

The building operations in the twelve leading cities of the State during 1914 are officially reported as follows: San Francisco, \$28,177,563; Los Angeles, \$18,361,925; Oakland, \$5,217,520; San Diego, \$3,143,321; Sacramento, \$2,329,978; Pasadena, \$2,133,781; Fresno, \$1,122,505; Stockton, \$1,117,787; Bakersfield, \$760,744; San Jose, \$590,280; Long Beach, \$283,870; Santa Rosa, \$175,456.

According to the last report of the State Dairy Bureau, Stanislaus County led all the others in the production of butter. It marketed 8,184,390 pounds, while the record for Imperial County was 5,710,287 pounds and for Humboldt County 5,251,887 pounds. The total value of Stanislaus County's dairy products was \$2,855,325.65, while that of Imperial County was \$2,495,977 and of Humboldt County \$2,187,200. The detailed record from Stanislaus for 1914 is as follows:

For Sale—Several good work horses. E. C. MERRILL, Phone 13 J.

Henry B. Brown

Wood--Sawing

Let us saw your orchard wood for you. 21 Dillion Avenue. Campbell, Cal. Phone 14L

Phone S.J. 60

GOLDEN WEST & National Cleaners

Dry Cleaners
Blanket Experts
Hats
Feather
Curtain
Work

House of Dyes

25 S. 3rd St.
San Jose, Cal.

Campbell Agent,
H. C. Smith Phone 31L

J. C. Lloyd

General Repairing

Horse shoeing \$1.50 and \$2.00

CEGAC

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of W. B. Evans, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of W. B. Evans, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said administrator at the office of L. D. Bohnett, Rooms 313-314 Bank of San Jose Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1915.
Robert T. Evans,
Administrator of the estate of W. B. Evans, Deceased.
L. D. Bohnett,
Attorney for said Administrator.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Summer Service to Alum Rock Park

Daily, except Saturday and Sunday, an hourly service is run to Alum Rock Park from 6:27 a. m. until 10:27 p. m., then 11:12 p. m. from First and Santa Clara Streets. Take Luna Park cars and transfer at Luna Park to Alum Rock Cars. Corresponding service from Alum Rock Park.

Saturday and Sunday cars run through to San Jose without change, First Street to Alum Rock Park.

Saturday, hourly from 6:30 a. m. to 8:30 a. m., then half hourly thereafter, on the hour and half hour, until 5:30 p. m., then 6:30 p. m., then take Luna Park cars leaving First and Santa Clara Streets 27 minutes past the hour until 10:27 p. m., then 11:12 p. m., transferring at Luna Park.

Sundays cars leave First and Santa Clara Streets at 7:30 a. m., 8:26 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m. and 10:00 a. m., then every 20 minutes thereafter until 6:00 p. m., then 6:30 p. m., then take Luna Park cars leaving First and Santa Clara Streets same as week day schedule.

Corresponding service from Alum Rock Park to San Jose.

Patrons if desirous may dance every evening at Alum Rock Park.

Special event every Wednesday evening.

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